The Sunday Tribune's News and Reviews of Books and Authors

A Bookman's Day Book

By Burton Rascoe

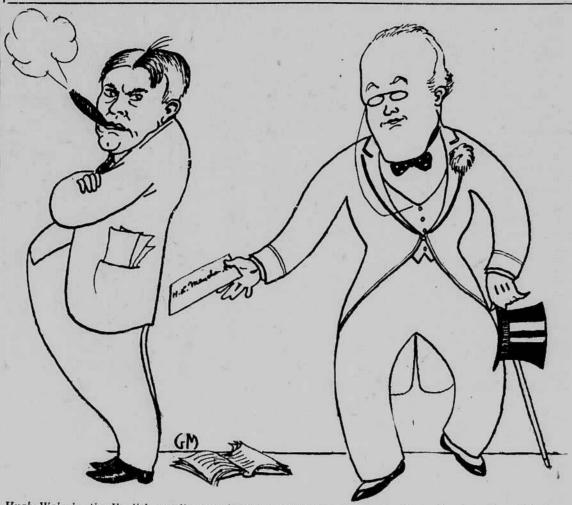
UNCHED with Otto Liveright, who was perturbed by my irreverent attitude toward psycho-analysis. I told him I thought it was probably a good thing that popular interest had been created in the ideas about mind, habit, personality and conduct which Hippocrates, Plato, Plotinus, Paracelsus and the early churchmen knew and expounded centuries ago, and that many unresourceful critics were doubtless grateful to Freud for a new set of clichés such as "process of identification," "wish fulfillment" and so on, which relieve mind of the tedium of thinking. but that I thought there was too much unnecessary noise about the subject. And, so far as I could see, I said, no one I knew who had been "psyched" had been appreciably bettered by it. "They all tell me they have derived great benefit from it, but when I ask them: What benefits? they are rather vague about them. These benefits, I suspect, are largely conversational. The sort of people who used to tell how they were operated upon for appendicitis or how they finally got their livers into good condition, now tell how psycho-analysis made new men or women out of them. Yesterday was rhythmic breathing that gave them something to talk about, to-day it is psycho-analysis, and to-morrow it will be their thyroid and pituitary glands." "But I know a man who was saved from suicide by a psychoanalyst," said Otto. "And I know a man who was saved from suicide by a Brooklyn policeman and another who was saved from suicide by a defective hemp cord. That proves nothing. All that the psycho-analyst could offer your man was hope and reassurance, and that much any sympathetic friend could offer. It is probably the highest justification of psycho-analysis that it is become popular at a time when friendship, fidelity and other human sentiments are held as a sign of weakness. It is a compensation, and compensation is an older word than Freud. The therapeutic value of psycho-analysis lies precisely in the psycho-physical truth from which arose one of the oldest and greatest institutions of the Catholic Church, the confessional. This truth is that one is rid of the burden of sin when he confesses it. It is the same truth which prompts the mother to say to the child, 'Now, come and tell mamma all about it, and she shan't punish you for it.' In the slang phrase it is, 'Now that I've got that off my chest I feel better.' It used to be called conscience, and now it is called 'a complex.' What puzzles me is that so many otherwise intelligent people have to go through such an interminable rigmarole to discover these simple things. When an intelligent friend of mine was about to relate what his psycho-analyst discovered for him ('brought into his foreconscious,' as he phrased it), I interrupted him to guess what the revelation was, and so accurate was I that he was incredulous; but these things must have been obvious to every one but himself. Still, psychoanalysis may easily become a new religion, for the need of religion is almost universal, and Freud's adherents may end by deifying him. And I should be the last to deny any one the consolation of a religion which meets his needs. Among the tenets of the Freudian creed, even if they are not yet formulated, are hope, charity, tolerance and sympathy, which are accepted as principles of the good life, however they are outraged. I apologize, Otto, if I have blasphemed your church." . . . Saw Bob Benchley, Mrs. Benchley and their fine looking young son and I talked with Horace Liveright, Marion Spitzer, Dorothy Nathan, Franklin Spier and Susanne Sexton. . . . Pored over the pictures and text to-night of "The Outline of Science," which is the first of a valuable series of illustrated books in non-technical language meant to inform the lay reader of the sum of knowledge scientists have amassed concerning man and the universe. This is a fascinating book which kept me up until long past midnight. But I am glad that in the pressure of our brief and harried lives we are all able to forget the heady knowledge that such books give us. For it would perhaps not be well for us to be reminded too often of that inconsequence we assume when we realize that the earth is among the smallest of planets, in a void where stars are so far away that the light we see from the nearest of them started on its way to earth when Homer sang in Greece. Like the imminence of death, it is knowledge we perhaps do well not to dwell upon too frequently.

REMAINED at home most of the day by a high regard for truth. He was the book shows too many signs of Bridge doesn't interest him as much as Brooklyn Bridge, which he main-

WENT to Princeton this morning to in the irony of his defeat in his old are so good they express the whole mood and content that are to follow. wharfs. Much of the glamour of the with Bob Nathan at the residence of Dr. William Kraus, who told me that Wilson jr. I have seen no university did not seize the opportunity." . . . to Robinson's and Eliot's (all of whose more ideally located than Princeton. But here Wilson was arguing from a are good), is Corbiere's La Rapsode It is isolated and quiet, the landscapes hypothesis which has always seemed Foraine et le Pardon de Sainte-Anne, epical adventure. are beautiful, with rows of poplars and to me to be merely speculative and which, like "The Man Against the Sky," with Henry and Ann Sell and Miss became too generally circulated. "There are, almost without exception, a pleas- not done thus and so, and had he done read "Search," a good novel by Mar- the sculpture of Brancusi, the pro- yet," he said, "to generalize concernure to the eye in their adapted Gothic. this and that, he would have been a garet Rivers Larminie. It is an objective fessional youth of John A. Weaver, ing them, and certainly there is not While we strolled about the campus greater man. Possibly. But the fact tive study on the same theme which the literary lavishness of Ben Hecht, enough known about them to warrant we spoke of the lack of emphasis is that Swift is Swift, a unique and so many contemporary novelists have and the Russian opera. Henry deplaced in this country upon the powerful personality in English litera- treated subjectively—that is to say, it lighted us by observing that he was them. What we actually know about achievements of our scholars and scien- fure, the creator of some of the rich- is an English "Moon-Calf" or "Road to not moved by the "amorous box- the function of the glands is very littists, such as Michaelson, Millikan, est products of the racial genius. He the World," written by a woman who cars" of Brancusi. . . . Djuna tle indeed." . . . We went to see Breasted, Coulter, Angell, Salisbury, might have been a greater force in writes intelligently and well. our great research workers, philolo- political and economic thought, but gists, chemists, physiologists and biolo- would he have been a greater literary

three hours along a country road, talking about Jonathan Swift, whom we WILSON and I took another walk ling, piracy, slavery, shanghaing and engineer, but that he had to stick close consider one of the greatest masters of English prose. Wilson related to Cummings's "The Enormous Room," were lured to the sea by dazzling prom- men would be ready to step into his me many facts concerning Swift's life James Branch Cabell, Van Vechten, ises and enslaved for life, never get- shoes. "Passengers, for some reason," with which I was unacquainted, par- universities, the characteristics of the ting out of debt to their employers, he said, "think I am fond of children, ticularly in regard to his dealings with South and other topics. I told him I brutally manhandled, shanghaied from and they are always turning their off-Temple and Bolingbroke. "You were thought certain passages in "The one ship to the other, often either to spring over to me. The defects of training always come out in a child on

An Invitation—By Gene Markey



Hugh Walpole, the English novelist (in the Current "Bookman"), writes H. L. Mencken, the critic, to come and look England over in order to revise his notions about English novelists and critics

Six Best Sellers

Fiction

"Saint Teresa." By Henry Sydnor Harrison (Houghton Mifflin).

"If Winter Comes." By A. S. M. Hutchinson (Little, Brown).

"The Sheik." By Ethel M. Hull (Small, Maynard).

"The Beautiful and Damned." By F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner's).

"Lucretia Lombard." By Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page).

"The Great Prince Shan." By E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown).

Non-Fiction Non-Fiction

"The Story of Mankind," By Hendrik Van Loon (Boni & Liveright).

"Painted Windows." By The Gentleman with a Duster (Putnam).

"Diet and Health." By L. H. Peters (Reilly & Lee).

"Parody Outline of History." By Donald Otden Stewart (Doran).

"My Memories of Eighty Years." By Chauncey M. Depew (Scribner's).

"Outline of History" (one volume edition). By H. G. Wells (Macmillan).

evening and we talked of the æsthetic his income as a minister; and from It is, though, the work of a man with plots, counterplots and espionage. theories of Jay Hambidge, Clive Bell, telling the truth on all sorts of oc- a strange and interesting gift for ob-Coulson and Henry, and we agreed that casions for fear of losing favor with servation. Wilson said that Cummings esthetic theory is only a mental his patrons who were in power. He seems uncertain in his method, espeamusement like metaphysics, valueless alike to artist and public. Bob told whom so many powerful emotions were an effective line, only to surround it whom so many powerful emotions were me that he had proved by the mathematical formulæ of Mr. Hambidge that insane by them. How much a man of to New York in the afternoon and went to the Boyds' for tea, where I found St. Patrick's, and he hated Ire- | were only twelve persons in all Dublin land. It was out of this embittering who are not mentioned in "Ulysses" tains has more to commend it. We are experience that he wrote 'Gulliver's and that the book is the size of and agreed, however, that forgetting its Travels." "But isn't it probable," I looks like a telephone directory. The wedding cake detail the Woolworth Building is a triumph of American justice and truth and the fact that he architecture. We discussed the probability of the probability of the probability of the managed not to be found elsevery of pitiless circumstance which Woolworth countered, "that his high regard for Colums are going to the MacDowell lem as to just how far the mind is capable of disassociating the perception of pure form from sentimental as a sociations and accumulated experience. gave us 'Guillyer's Travels,' 'A Ceram when concluded that it is probable that in planned to write, and mentioned that impossible to attain a complete disassociation. I confessed that on the occasion when I derived the greatest work of human endeavor and the building's manhattan) there was mixed and a special correct of this manhattan) there was mixed up all sorts of things—sentimentality, the sense of the infinite and the suiding for a superfluor of human endeavor and the building's resemblance to a gigantic cathedral. After they had gone i read "Warfare in the Human Rody" by Morley Roberts, which I found interesting only the deaved the resisting only the deaved that the resisting only in that chapter which has shable below the third only headed and stance of first in the Human Rody. Work on the secret of stinging at both in the work of human endeavor and the building's resemblance to a gigantic and the resisting of the resisting of the resisting of the resisting of the work of human endeavor and the building's resemblance to a gigantic and the resisting of the work of human endeavor and the building's resemblance to a gigantic and the resisting of the work of human endeavor and the building's resemblance to a gigantic and the resisting of the work of human endeavor and the building's resemblance to a gigantic and the resisting of the work of human endeavor and the building's resemblance to a gigantic and the resistance which is planned to be found elsewhere. Where, and mentioned that the whore and multiposition of the most perception of the most with the aristocrats he wanted to please. cially in mind such titles as "The wholly and uniquely American. medical jargon that I found it difficult He must have known that he was Vision of Piers Plowman" and "Sweeequipped to play as great a part in ney Among the Nightingales," which or as drink-soaked derelicts of the shipboard." . . . To dinner to-night spend the week-end with Edmund age he must have regretted that he Perhaps the best title I remember, next

gists. I regretted that Professor Gauss, of the romance language department, Van Wyck Brooks in regard to Mark

THIS morning I hit upon a real depertmence of a woman poet whose light, Samuel Eliot Morison's "Marteth were not all intact, suddenly said, printer won't set any more—this week. was away, for Wilson had told me how Twain. Both Brooks and Wilson are itlme History of Massachustetts," a "I should so like to buy you a new set he had influenced, taught and encour- scolding these men rather a bit too well documented account of the clipper of teeth." . . . To tea this afteraged Princeton undergraduates. It was late, I am afraid, and probably Swift ship and whaling days of Salem, New- noon at the home of Olive and T. E. Professor Gauss, he told me, who sent and Twain were so constituted that buryport, Nantucket and Boston. From Mount and met there Wiliam Mc-"This Side of Paradise" to Scribner's they would not have profited by the this we learn that many of the for- Fee and Mrs. Terence Holliday. McFee with a note commending it. . . scolding even if they were still alive. tunes of our best families in New Eng. is a droll and delightful Scot who is land were laid by the most question- very deaf. He said people fancied that able of methods-cheating and smug- he had an easy time of it as a chief this morning and discussed E. E. even murder. Poor, gullible plowboys to his job or any one of fifty other

MAY 7

"The Vanishing Point"

By W. H. Chamberlin

THE VANISHING POINT. By Coningsby, the figure of the former Russian Pre-

ONINGSBY DAWSON may have derived many spiritual benefits from the war, but an improved literary style cannot be listed among them. In "The Vanishing Point" he clearly trespasses on the preserves of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim. The male characters in the story be-Ine male characters in the story belong to the species of fictional superman who can settle the destinies of nations with a wave of the hand; while the women possess the magical beauty that can lure men to destruction or inspire them to heights of achievement.

by the uncanny beauty of Santa Gorlong and the source of the half-Indian dancer, whose many love affairs have all ended in tragedy for the other party.

Pursuing the elusive Santa, who is wanted on a murder charge, he stumbles upon Kerensky and his wife.

An awkward emotional situation.

By starting a movement against this sort of thing you are damming up a whole loal wave of literature. Just because Dell, Flizgerald, Benet and some of these monopoly? Are these introductions the final word in the matter? Why, by the time I get around to writing the sort of thing you are damming up a whole below affairs have all ended in tragedy for the other party.

Pursuing the elusive Santa, who is wanted on a murder charge, he starting new.

By starting a movement against this sort of thing you are damming up a whole tolat wave of literature. Just because Dell, Flizgerald, Benet and some of these the monopoly? Are these introductions the final word in the matter? Why, by the time I get around to writing the sort of thing you are damming up a whole tolat wave of literature. Just because Dell, Flizgerald, Benet and some of these them monopoly? Are these introductions the final word in the matter? Why, by the time I get around to writing the wave of literature. Just because Dell, Flizgerald, Benet and some of these them monopoly? Are these introductions the final word in the matter? Why, by the time I get around to writing the wave of them and the wave of literature. Just because Dell, Flizgerald, Benet and some of these them to the possession of the final wave of literature. Just because Dell, Flizgerald and wa

and read. Ruth and Robert Wise- inhibited from telling the truth haste; it has too many meaningless and butchered to make a melodramatic brings the novel to an abrupt end. man, the architect, came out in the about the church for fear of losing superlatives and badly used adjectives. holiday. The author is lavish with There may be scenic possibilities for Mr. Dawson's novel on the screen.

With an eye to exotic glamour the Judged even by the most indulgent author injects an allowance of Hindu standards of light fiction it suggests blood into his heroine and introduces nothing so much as a nightmare.

of epical events in the history of American big business ventures; as being an intimate and interesting account of a vigorous, resourceful and unusual personality; and as being a book which gives the reader a knowledge of the way certain political and financial af-

esting only in that chapter which has shibboleths beloved by the mob. This Thomas Aquinas's "Concerning God millions; as being a human document his taste; and as being a book of millions; as being a human document his taste; and as being a book of millions; as being a human document his taste; and as being a hook of millions; as being a human document his taste; and as being a hook of millions; as being a human document his taste; and as being a hook of millions; as being a human document his taste; and as human to do with the origin of therapeutic only because it gave him more power and His Creatures." But I have espe- of first rate interest, one which is philosophical ideas charmingly disquised as fiction

> smoothly trimmed clipper ships fades Dr. William Kraus, who told me that before this recital of inhumanity and "Glands Regulating Personality" is an injustice, but they were days also of unauthoritative and unscientific book, Barnes came in this afternoon and told "The Advertising of Kate," a comedy me a delightful anecdote concerning an whose most serious fault lies in the

blossoming dogwood, and the buildings rather barren, i. e., that had a man is a poem in itself. . . . To-night I

THE -DARK HOUSE By I. A: R: WYLIE

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Letter Box

"Children of Trangression"

Sir: You recently printed an article by Thomas Dixon praising a book called "Children of Trangression."

The author of "The Clansman" should know the South, but I cannot agree with him that this book pictures the real south.

Mr. Dixon assures us that the author, not dragging in psycho-analysis.

And it is, indeed, refreshing to find Struches. her soul, but I must take issue with book of his and resist the temptation and I stared fascinated at that per

curate-such things as Mrs. Tyler defortunate that a book like "Children Dixon's reputation. P. Y. HELM.

First Novels
Y Dear Mr. Rascoe:

An awkward emotional situation en-The novel is badly littered up with unreal stage apparatus. The background of contemporary Europe, tragic enough in itself, is incredibly twisted ta off to get themselves killed and then be and butchered to make a melodramatic holiday. The author is lavish with plots, counterplots and espionage.

Sues, for both Santa and Mme. Kerent sky in the case of them:

Sues, for both Santa and Mme. Kerent sky in the case of them:

Sues, for both Santa and Mme. Kerent sky in the case of them:

Sues, for both Santa and Mme. Kerent sky in the case of them:

Sues, for both Santa and Mme. Kerent sky in the case of them:

Sues, for both Santa and Mme. Kerent sky in the case of them:

The author resolves this dilemma by sending Kerensky and Santa to a state of a fasiar would not be shortled.

There may be one of them:

I may be one o

whom so many powerful emotions were matical formulæ of Mr. Hambidge that with lifeless ones. . . Returned for generations. These young Americans must get it out of their systems before they can get down to studying others as they have studied themselves. Supposing studying another padraic Colum, Miss Eleanor Whiting and Manhattan of they gave him instead the deanship of St. Paul's, but to get rid of him they gave him instead the deanship of St. Paul's, but to get rid of him they gave him instead the deanship of St. Paul's, but to get rid of a young Englishman's aspirations. This central mines are fective line, only to surround it with lifeless ones. . . Returned to the fastidious, fall under the spell of set they can get to studying another padraic Colum, Miss Eleanor Whiting and Guy Holt. We were talking about they continued to the padraic Colum, Miss Eleanor Whiting and Guy Holt. We were talking about they never get to studying another padraic Studying another of the broadest strokes and the most minute detail. This central minute of the padraic Studying another of the padraic Colum, Miss Eleanor Whiting and Guy Holt. We were talking about the feeling has a feeted his life—not always for the padraic strokes ones. . . Returned to the feeting the feeting has a feeted his life—not always for the padraic strokes ones. . . Returned to the feeting has a feeted his life—not always for the padraic st

Homage to the Victorians

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

THE OPPIDAN. By Shane Leslie. Charles by them realized with a sensur TOW, Shane Leslie is the son poignancy. of an Anglo-Irish baronet. He is an old Etonian and he with a written another be with a wretched, purely is chamberlain to the Pope. He is half a mystic, and he is entirely "The Oppidan," which to

a cousin of the utilitarian Winston means nothing, but to Leslie as Churchill. In him there is a stronger triguing distinction that has end sense of old England, I mean a sense since Henry VIII. Mrs. Tyler, is herself "a Virginian of not of its worth or blame, but of its Etonian who either the Virginians," and praises her for being, than is possessed by any one doesn't-I am not quite living, possibly excepting Lytton and what does it matter, for the

It is almost impossible to review a

Mr. Dixon when he says "her character to tell anecdotes of him-how a hair- title. I have never read it n sketches of the old regime are terrible pin fell from heaven, for instance, and tell of it-I'm sure it was word and pitifully merciless in their ac- plumped into the King of Spain's tea, of a certain sentimental haircut, of Terrible and pitiful yes—but not acthe fact that he has been the hero of gray cocoon, where the Fact training arms been the hero of gray cocoon, where the Fact training arms been the hero of gray cocoon, where the Fact training arms been the hero of gray cocoon, where the Fact training arms been two successful modern novels—but gray cocoon, where the English butlet. scribes may possibly have occurred, with such precious material I can be but certainly they are not typical of no more than tantalizing, for it belongs to his biographer, not to me.

He first came into my life as the of Trangression" should be held up to most romantic figure I had ever known. Northern readers, as a true picture of He had sat at the feet of Tolstoy, he the South by a Southerner of Mr. had gone swimming with Rupert man of the governing classes when the Compton McKenzie says, like the sense a play done before shadowed tapette

Also he was a convert to the church of my youth, and he and another, since Mr. Leslie has a sharp eye for dead, made of that church a dazzling, manners of his age. golden thing, dispelling its oppressive mugginess and giving the succession his creations with the keen and of days upon gray days, passing under Strachey it is because he refe its plaintive ritual, the romantic finer judgments to the court of

mugginess and giving the succe of days upon gray days, passing upon glay days, passing upon glay days, passing upon gray days, passing upon gray days, passing upon gray days, He had written a book then. It had his ow a sale-not the sale it deserved. "The of men is relinquished beyond analyse End of the Chapter," it was, and bought to fade into that me by the snap-eyed ladies who follow with acrutability in which all final answer Freudian tenseness the missteps of the and judgments lie. great. They missed its quality of low, Those who are interested in the great haunting melancholy, of great age, of a patchwork quilt picture of Victor faith and of a social tradition that England, which with the years could not but have taken pieced together from the memorie on a certain mellow despair-apparent survivors and the satire of their perhaps only to the most sensitive but mentators, will enjoy "The Oppidas

Books of Yesteryear

By Adele De Leeuw

OF HUMAN BONDAGE. By W. Somerset

HILIP CAREY had a club foot and it affected his whole life might be the result of years of a angry with him their primal impulse, fiction. One comes upon innumeral seldom restrained, was to taunt him homely incidents that pierce with their about his deformity. He learned to truth, upon felicities of phrase that mask his sensitiveness, though he never demand rereading. Philip never come got over it. Because he couldn't join to be Philip. He is locable, annoying in the sports of his own age, his boy- pathetic, amusing, puzzling, crysta hood was spent largely in a solitude clear-and always himself. That ale that was only alleviated by his insa- is an achievement. tiable desire to read. Because he does not move you let me make couldn't dance, his relations with girls appeal. Imagine a whole literamodestly velled prancing of the were peculiar, and he was driven to heartedly inclined to pick with rash, impulsive friendships that further Maugham is to ask why he t

> One feels that there is nothing un- one of those things people do that are paramount importance. Beliefs are tion between sympathy and neutrality formed and discarded, friends made From the time Philip is nine until M and lost, passions flare and die, am- is thirty we are taken into his existbitions rise, shift, change; affairs are ence more completely than any one wet absorbing, come to an impasse, settle knew him could possibly have been themselves. Only at the end are we Though at times we are as impatient able to look back upon the partly com- with him as he is with himself, re pleted tapestry that the years have always feel that what is happening in been weaving. The colors have inevitable. We are at home with his blended; the pattern is forming. We most unusual acquaintances; we pat can imagine the finished picture with ticipate in the discussions of art and

> some degree of certainty. Philip's years at English schools are fer and rejoice with him, rise and fall not, perhaps, so vividly told as Comp- with his fortunes, comprehend and diston Mackenzie or Coningsby Dawson miss his passions, waver and decide might tell them. But there comparison with him, and at the end feel the same ends. One wonders at the endless in- placidity and happy sense of irrevgenuity that invented character after ocableness as does Philip, in the quet character, breathed upon them and of his new decision. made them live, allotted to each its While there are still such books to place and gave to each the benefit of discover in 1922 as "Of Human Benethat marvelous descriptive ability that age," written in 1915, no slur on met-

exceed 800 words in Length.

and his view of life. He curate observations, yet it is not me

religion and ethics with ease; we suf-

is Maugham's. "Of Human Bondage" ern literature may go unchallenges



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